

# BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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*Charles L. Moore*  
Editor

## Not a Salutory.

As this thing of writing salutory for *The Blade* every time she takes a fresh start, is getting to be rather monotonous, I will waive that formality in this instance and make the following explanation for the benefit of those who now see it for the first time, though, of course, the large majority of those to whom it will now go are such as have known it before.

This is now the third time that *The Blade* has started under my management, and if it proves that the "third time is the charm," it will not at all be because that proverb demands this, but because it goes this time on a financial basis much better than it ever did before.

In the two instances in which *The Blade* started before this, its prospects were probably as encouraging as any paper that ever started in this town, and it was growing daily in favor with men and good women, when I stopped it and returned to its subscribers, by check, the *pro rata* of the subscription money that they had paid me.

If you will pardon an explanation of my private business affairs, that I think has a good moral to it, you can understand how it was that I, being apparently a well-to-do man, did not use my own money and go ahead with the publication of a paper that seemed to be on the road to success.

Some years ago a series of financial reverses happened to me all at once. Generally I have been pretty lucky, but that time I struck a regular boom in bad luck. The first was that my house burned down and burned up nearly everything in it,—why the house goes "down" and the furniture goes "up," I do not know, but that is the way they write it,—and I had no insurance on it. Then I loaned a preacher, that I had ordained myself, some money, and he used it to run off with another man's wife, and wrote me a letter abusing me like a dog, and of course I lost it. I hope that money will be set to my account by the recording angel, as treasure "laid up in heaven," for my purpose was good.

Then I went security for a large amount and lost heavily, for my means, but that has been kindly repaid me in the last few years.

Then I built a flour mill in Lexington and bought a little one in the county, and lost on both of them.

Then I remembered the scriptural precept that says, "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than a heathen Chinee," or something like that, and so I paid all my debts, pocketed all my losses, and gave everything I had, excepting a lot in the cemetery here, to my wife and children, against the protests of the former, and to the kind and generous regrets of the latter at this day. But I believed I was right, and am now glad of it; but, of course, under such circumstances any honest man—and they say I am built that way—would be very chary about getting into his hands the money of other people.

The first series of *The Blade* was in the interest of good morals generally, and in the abstract. Its style of presenting things was not as sedate and serious as the average Sunday school journal, and I succeeded in sugar-coating stern morals with some essays at humor, and which, more from the contrast with the

ordinary way of advocating morals, than any intrinsic merit in them, made a good many people laugh, and my article against "profane and legal swearing," as illustrated by my experience with a calf that got into my sweet potato patch, was a literary "ten strike" such as I never expect to make again, now that my powers of depiction are growing into the "scar and yellow leaf" of senility.

One cause of my discouragement with the first issue of *The Blade* was an onslaught I made on Sam Jones. Sam was in the zenith of his popularity. I knew he was a fraud and a snare and a dead beat and a body-snatcher, and I was fool enough to say so. There were lots of these old religious hypocrites and pious frauds who have not half as much religion as a hearse horse, and who always want to make themselves "solid Muldoons" with the sanctified, by skinning some fellow whose religious notions are out of the beaten path.

All of these fellows had been watching me from the first issue of *The Blade*, as they knew my weakness, and as soon as I bounced Sam, they swarmed all over me like bumble bees in a hayfield, harvest before last. Now, however, I can blast him and old Talmage too, and make friends by it, though both of them are outspoken Prohibitionists. They are both for the bottle, and I have got more real Simon-pure religion in my heart and in my brain than a regiment of such cattle. That sounds like egotism. That's what is intended for. If I were going to amend the "Sermon on the Mount," I would add to the list of the "beatitudes," "Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet; for verily I say unto you, his trumpet shall not be blown."

The trouble with me, as my friend and neighbor and backer, Major Thomas, suggests, is that I am a "little previous" in all my ideas. I have pretty respectable company in that kind of martyrdom. Colonel Billy Breckinridge once walked around here for a year or so, looking as mournful as if his mother-in-law was dead, because he was so imprudent as to tell, too long before-hand, that the negroes would some day testify in our courts.

I was fired off the staff of *The Press* here once for blowing up old Talmage, and that and my tirade against Sam Jones put me under an ecclesiastical ban from which I am just now emerging, with the best preachers in Lexington backing me, though I have, orally and in writing, more openly professed my fealty to Jesus of Nazareth, than any man in the city who did not get paid for doing so.

Before I forget about it I want to say that the giving of my property to my wife and children, while it would probably have left me somewhat in the soup, had I been left a widower with marrying proclivities some years since, is now such a source of comfort to me that I commend it to others.

My second series of *The Blade* was still in the interest of good morals, but with Prohibition as a basal principle; my experience being that liquor was the source of an immense percentage of the immorality and consequent unhappiness of our land.

This present issue starts out in that same line of thought, with all of my former convictions intensified by what has occurred since *The Blade's* last suspension. I do not believe that any journalist in the State ever had as singular an experience as I did when I last hung up *The Blade*, with tears in my eyes and heart, and went back to digging and plowing the ground.

Preachers and College Presidents and Professors; the most

earnest Christian men and women, and the most intelligent Rationalists, men and women, and some of whose politics or religion I as yet know nothing, also race-horse men, and also the only man connected with any saloon in Lexington who has the entree to good society, with the proprietor of the biggest and finest distillery in the Bluegrass region, so far as I know, all came to me and proposed to help me with their money, and every one of them, except one, to whom I have not applied because I did not think it was right to take a distiller's money and use it as a stick to break his own head, has put up his money, like a little man, as he said he would, when I went to them to get the stock for the Company which now backs *The Blade*.

The newspaper fraternity, like everybody else, are liars when it is to their interest to lie; so that I will give samples of all of these, who are easily accessible and may be consulted by those who want to see if there is any stuffing in my statement.

Among clergymen there are Reverends McGarvey and Matthews, the first presiding as Chairman of the Council that fired me out of the church as a heretic. Since then other ministers have given me their money, the only one who declined to do it on my application to him, being the Reverend Lloyd of Georgetown, who is a fire-eating Prohibitionist and who complimented me in a sermon, not long ago, at Georgetown.

He blushing apologized for not wanting to support *The Blade*, by stating that his wife and all the children and himself would read it in spite of him, and he thought he noticed in the whole family a disposition to turn heathen, that might ultimately result in their all joining the Chinese. I think the gentleman was consistent, and I like his candor. When a man feels like his faith is pretty shaky at best, he can not be too careful. A man that thinks he is living in a rickety house, don't want to be fooling with a cyclone.

As samples of College Presidents, there was President J. T. Patterson, and since then Charles Louis Loos, with H. B. McClellan as an incorporator.

Among the race-horse men are Major B. G. Thomas, the great apostle of the turf in Kentucky, and Milton Young, and the Strauses, and W. C. France. The gentleman who, as proprietor of the Phoenix Hotel, is interested in its saloon, the largest and finest one in the city, is J. H. Davidson, and the owner of the distillery is the Honorable Richard Stoll.

As a sample of a man, of whose religion and politics I do not to this day know anything, is R. B. Metcalf, then the owner of the street railroads here, of whom I only knew in that connection and as a subscriber to *The Blade*, and who volunteered to tell me he would give me fifty dollars to start it again, and as he has since done. He simply said to me, "I like your politics and your religion."

As to those outside of the pale of orthodoxy, of course I am not going to call any names, but a woman who has done more for Prohibition and her sex than any woman in the State, sends me her money for her stock in *The Blade*, before I asked for it, in a letter which has a text from the New Testament printed at the top of it, and in which she says that "The Rational View" lies on her table as a hand-book.

It's a funny old world for a fact. I think *The Blade* now may be regarded as having come to stay, unless some of these whisky bummers kill me, or scare me so bad that I will be afraid to talk. Of course they can do the first, but nobody has ever yet done the latter, although a saloon-keeper Alderman of this city, with a big strong specimen of his friends present, has, while I was the invited guest of his house, violated the laws of hospitality as a Fee Jee islander

would not do, by informing me that I was liable to get "knocked in the head, or tarred and feathered," with a tone that indicated that the wish was father to the thought.

I got the money that I thought necessary to run *The Blade* and the advertisements that appear in it, representing none but the most reliable houses in the city,—though of course there are other good ones not represented here,—all with the least possible trouble.

Subscribers are taking my paper at \$2 a year now just as readily as they took it for one dollar before, and by the assistance of my old lists, I will say, for the sake of advertisers especially, that so far as I can be informed, of the three principal advertising agencies here, *The Transcript*, *The Press*, and *The Leader*, my circulation will begin about twice as large as the weekly circulation of any of the same as that of another paper, and probably less than that of *The Leader*, which, though handicapped by its advocacy of Republicanism in a Democratic county, is forging away ahead of the other two, because it is against the liquor-stinking politics of this city and region, and because the Democrats who give tone to a paper are tired of the particular kind of Democracy that is running the shenanigans here.

I say this, never having voted the Republican ticket in my life, and never expecting to do so.

The people who take *The Blade* are socially, intellectually, morally and financially, immensely above the patrons of any paper in the State, taken as a whole.

*The Blade* now occupies perhaps the handsomest office and printing outfit in the city of Lexington, at No. 53 East Short Street, and its latch string hangs out to any man or woman, who, by any means, is trying to advance the morals of our country.

The gentlemen and ladies who incorporate *The Blade* and who are its stockholders, give it their support with the one common purpose of advancing the morals of the country by political purification, understanding that I am to edit it, and that I am and have been a Democrat from way back, with all my might, and soul, and strength, and my neighbor as myself.

These ladies and gentlemen represent all shades of political faith, and are indiscriminately Democrats, Republicans and Prohibitionists.

They are the very *crème de la crème* of our best and most valuable people.

The incorporators are as follows:

Rev. William H. Felix, Dr. B. L. Coleman, Rev. R. T. Matthews, W. B. Hawkins, W. D. Bryant, J. A. Curry, Dr. Robert Peter, Rev. W. F. V. Bartlett, John W. Berkley, J. B. Simrall, E. D. Sayre, Pres. H. B. McClellan, Moses Kaufman, W. E. Hilber, and Charles C. Moore.

The stockholders are as follows:

B. L. Coleman, R. L. Willis, E. D. Sayre, J. D. Hunt, Joseph S. Woolfolk, J. W. Berkley, James M. Graves, B. C. Hagerman, B. F. Williams, Anonymous, A. B. Chinn, B. P. Carpenter, M. Kaufman, R. T. Anderson, R. A. Thornton, J. T. Slade, W. L. Atkins, J. T. Patterson, J. T. Tunis, W. G. Thompson, L. C. Price, S. V. Fry, D. H. Beatty, N. P. Cochran, W. H. Felix, J. B. Simrall, Milton Young, R. de Roode, W. D. Bryant, J. M. Benseley, R. T. Matthews, J. R. Williamson, W. E. Hilber, Joseph Le Compte, Mrs. H. M. Whitney, R. B. Metcalf, W. S. McChesney, D. D. Bell, W. D. Richardson, William W. Pelt, W. F. Rogers, B. G. Thomas, W. T. Withers, John S. Phelps, Claude Buckley, McCann & Price, Charles W. Moore, F. O. Young, S. L. Van Meter, Robert Peter, George M. Ockelford, H. C. Payne, H. M. Skillman, C. F. Brower, J. E. Keller, W. F. Galbreath, William S. Marshall, Jr., H. P. Headley, W. L. Elmore, W. O. Sweeney, J. W. Coleman, W. W. Eschill, Roger Williams, Jas. A. Curry, William H. Warren, George W. Headley, John Steele, W. C. France, C. M. Johnson, G. M. Brooks, Barton S. Coyle, John T. Wood, A. J. Oots, William Pettit, James A. Keiser, Patrick Dolan, James McCormick, Alexander Jeffrey, E. S. Muir, C. H. Stoll, D. H. James, H. S. Reed, W. B. Hawkins, J. W. Sayre, George H. Whitney, W. H. Graham, James M. Coyle, J. M. Logan, H. S. Atkins, W. M. Moore, Mrs. Mary M. Brent, Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, L. & G. Straus, A. M. Harrison, W. H. Thompson, B. J. Treacy, C. H. Woolley, J. Q. A. Hayman, E. L. Price, Russell Wilson, Charles L. Loos, John T. Nutter, E. S. Riggs, John T. Shelby, David C. Vance, O. S. Poston & George Handy, J. O. Dedman, W. W. Goddard, James R.

Haley, Robert Nutter, George M. Coyle, J. C. Wallace, Thomas W. Moore, J. D. Yarrington, G. M. Moore, Grandison Smith, A. Kennedy, J. H. Davidson, J. N. Wilson, Mrs. M. G. Ranyon, Hiram Shaw, D. C. Logan, H. A. Guthrie, F. M. Smith, W. T. Picklin, D. A. Morton, Ben Miller Osborn, and J. J. Rucker.

## THE BLADE

Versus the Honorable Charles J. Bronston, James H. Mulligan, et al.

In thus announcing the opposition of *The Blade* to the gentlemen above mentioned, who have been honored by high official positions in the community, I will say that I have against them no personal grievance other than such as I have suffered in common with other citizens of this community as the result of their private and official derelictions. They have been personally kind to me, and have been, one or both, patrons of *The Blade*. Of course I regret the necessity for such opposition, as it is much more congenial to my taste, and is accompanied with less wear and tear on my brain and emotional nature, to write pleasantly rather than censoriously, of any one, if the facts will allow me.

But I should feel myself recreant to my trust if I did not use every honorable and just means at my command to break the spell which these officers of the law exercise over the people of this country, and which, like the song of the siren, is wooing them on to moral and financial ruin.

In assuming this attitude toward these gentlemen I believe that I am reflecting the sentiments of the gentlemen who have contributed of their means to the support of *The Blade*.

Though I do not want to pose as a Putnam or Cincinnatus, or any of that notable list of defect heroes of their ilk, it is a fact that I was literally following in the furrow of the plow when there came to me, at the same time, two messages from different parties asking me to come to Lexington to take part in a journalism that was to oppose the political corruption of this city and county, and from them the whole State of Kentucky, in which corruption the parties above named were regarded as the "head and front of the offending;" not that they were necessarily and inherently worse men than others engaged with them, but that they furnished the brains which pulled the strings which made the others act as the puppets of their bidding.

An expression of indignation against these parties has come to me from gentlemen representing the finest, the most intelligent and moral society of this community. Their language has expressed the most unqualified indignation.

To the career of my forefathers, who have lived in this community such lives as I am proud of, I have attempted to add a reputation which is blameless, and which no man, so far, has successfully assailed, and I have reared my children into a proud emulation of their virtues.

It is said that the blood of the Argyles and of Robert McGregor courses in my veins, and as he stood on his "native heath," so I am here "to the manor born," and this is "my own, my native land."

In the seclusion of my country home I have tried, as far as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men. But even this remote seclusion has been invaded by the unjust machinations of these men, and the blood of McGregor, mixed with that of Barton W. Stone, boils in my veins with righteous indignation, at the thought that interlopers are thus to rob me of my birthright, and, for it, leave me less than the mess of boarding house hash that Esau got.

Mr. Bronston is justly regarded as one of the brightest intellects of this community, and as a Commonwealth's prosecuting attorney, if he had a moral quality commensurate with his genius, he would stand almost peerless; but his magnificent intellectual endowment is but an edged tool in the hands of a madman.

Judge Mulligan is a bright man. His humorous oratory has often swept the cobwebs from the brains of court attendants, and in journalism he is the only man in this town who has ever put any good wit into print, and he has

(Continued on fourth page.)

## KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.,

12 East Main Street.

BEST PLACE IN THE CITY ON Dress Goods, Dry Goods, Domestic & Notions.

FINE WOOLENS and SILKS A SPECIALTY.

PRICES WAY DOWN.

A grand stock of cheap and fine Notions always on hand. Give us a call and secure prices.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.,

Successors to ED. S. RIGGS.

12 EAST MAIN STREET.

## NEW FALL GOODS!

CASSELL & PRICE,

Are Head Quarters for Everything New and Stylish in the Dry Goods and Notion Line.

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS,

NEW STYLE CLOAKS,

Underwear and Hosiery, Blankets, etc.

All of which can be had at the very lowest prices, as they never allow any one to undersell them.

LOCATION, 16 & 18 WEST MAIN STREET.

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FINE SADDLES & HARNESS,

RACE AND TROTTER EQUIPMENTS A SPECIALTY.

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This is a living illustration of the advisability—when you can't do any better—of "coming through the rye" for a suit to replace the one stolen while you are bathing. It is a positive blessing to lose a suit when you can substitute for it a much better one for \$15.00 at the

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M. KAUFMAN & CO.,

54 East Main Street, LEXINGTON, KY.

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